Jn.12,1944

- CASEY,PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

Casey and the Man Called "John Doe"

by

Alonzo Deen Cole

Script No.30

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera,please...hold it.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: Casey— Press Photographer.

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER & BACK

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of Casey,Press Photographer. Tonight,and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— (ORGAN EFFECT) —"Casey and the Man Called 'John Doe'".

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...SET & UNDER

ANNC'R: It is four o'clock in the afternoon and Casey,on the shift that begins its duties at that hour,is just coming to work. He doesn't look very cheerful today...in fact he looks,in fact, like a man with a grouch. As he opens the door of the big, untidy room that is the outer chamber of the Photographic Department (FADING) and proceeds to his desk—

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MAN: (A CASUAL MURMUR) Hello,Casey.

CASEY: (A GRUNT) 'Lo,Jim.

2nd MAN: Hi'ya,Casey?

CASEY: 'Lo,Bill.

3rd MAN: Hello—

CASEY: (SHORTLY) Hello, all of you.

3rd MAN: (CHUCKLES) You sound as though you'd had a bad night.

CASEY: Didn't get to bed 'til after daylight.

3rd MAN: Dissipating or on a job?

CASEY: On a job— unfortunately. Burke had a goofy idea for an exclusive that never came off— after I waited all night for it to pop. Then, when I finally got home and to sleep, the phone started to ringg and—

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS STRIDENTLY

CASEY: Eeeh!— now it's starting here. Answer it for me, will you, Tom?

SOUND: RECEIVER UNCRADLED

3rd MAN: Hello...Wade speaking.

BURKE: (ON FILTER) Where's Casey?

3rd MAN: He's right here, Boss...just a moment. It's Burke, Casey.

CASEY: (BITTERLY) Oh. Hello, Burke.

BURKE: (CHEERFULLY) Well!— and how are you, my friend?

CASEY: Rotten, thanks to your ideas.

BURKE: Too bad about last night...we'll have better luck next time.

CASEY: But if "we" dont, you'll still get your sleep.

BURKE: I'm going to make that up to you...I'm going to send you on a swell little trip.

CASEY: Trip?

BURKE: You and Williams— up to the country...it'll be like a vacation.

CASEY: (RELAXING...GRATEFULLY) Say— I can stand a vacation.

BURKE: Come on upstairs and I'll tell you about it...you'll just love it, Casey.

CASEY: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Wait a minute!— Whereabouts "in the country" are you sending us?

BURKE: To beautiful Sansonville.

CASEY: Sansonville?? There's nothing in that half-horse town except the State Insane Asylum!

BURKE: (SWEETLY) That's where you're going,chum...on the six o'clock train tomorrow morning.

CASEY: After I've been up all last night???

BURKE: I said you'd love it.

CASEY: You—!!!

BURKE: (CHUCKLES) 'Bye for now.

SOUND: CONNECTION BROKEN...THEN RECEIVER SLAMMED ON HOOK

CASEY: (WRATHFULLY) Some day I'm going to—!!

3rd MAN: What's the matter,Casey?

CASEY: I—! That guy—!! (LOW,REPRESSED,GOOFILY) Our city editor is sending me to the Insane Asylum.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS...HOLD BEHIND:

BURKE: Now calm down,Casey,and listen to this...I've got a swell idea.

CASEY: (ROARS) Sure— six o'clock train in the morning!! I wont get through here 'til after eleven tonight,Burke...and I was up all of last night because you had a "swell idea"!!

BURKE: If you're going to crab,I'll send one of the other cameras, but I thought this was something you'd get a kick out of... it's A-one human interest stuff.

CASEY: The only human I'm interested in right now is ME!

ANN: Oh,stop it,Casey...listen to what Burke has to say.

CASEY: (SUBSIDING,BUT STILL BITTER) Okay...I'm listening.

BURKE: Williams,you'll do the story on this so read the marked article in this Surgical Journal later.

ANN: Surgical Journal?

BURKE: There's a report in there that our clipping department should have picked up,and didn't...it was brought to my attention this morning by a doctor who's a friend of mine.

CASEY: City editors have no friends.

BURKE: (IN MOCK ANGUISH) That— from my best pal!

CASEY: Can it. What's the article about,Ann?

ANN: Its heading is: "The Case of John Doe"—

BURKE: I'll give it to you quick: "John Doe" is an unknown guy who was picked up near the waterfront twelve years ago with a cracked skull...he'd either been struck by a hit-and-run automobile or beaten up just this side of murder. He should have died,but the doctors saved his life...his memory was completely gone,though—

CASEY: One of these aphasia cases,huh?

BURKE: With complications— much of his intelligence was lost, along with his memory,so they sent him to Sansonville. About a year ago,a smart young surgeon who'd been added to the Asylum staff got interested in"John Doe" and tried a brain operation that most medical men considered impossible...it was successful and the patient is now a rational,normal man again.

ANN: (VERY INTERESTED) But twelve years have been lost from his life...why,when he was hurt in 1932,Hoover was president— and old Hindenburg was still the boss of Germany!

CASEY: (ALSO INTERESTED NOW) Does the guy remember how he was hurt...and who he is and everything?

BURKE: That's what I want you to find out at Sansonville.

ANN: This sounds like a swell story,Burke!

CASEY: And some nice pisture possibilities.

BURKE: (SLYLY) I'm told there's quite a little mystery about this "John Doe",Casey,that no one has figured out yet.

CASEY: Mystery?

BURKE: Yeah. Want me to send another camera up there?

CASEY: Uh— Why do we have to leave at six in the morning???

BURKE: Sansonville's a few miles upstate and you make appointments with Asylum officials when you can get em...I got your's for 10 A.M. Dr.McHenry,who performed the operation on John Doe will be there and he'll introduce you to his mystery man. Last night was a tough one for you, Casey— I'd better send another camera.

CASEY: Wait a minute,Burke! I'll make that train...as a favor to you.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

McHENRY: (35,SERIOUS,LIKABLE) I must insist that you be conservative in your write-up of this case,Miss Williams...I wish it thoroughly understood that I performed no surgical miracle on "John Doe".

ANN: I'm afraid you're too modest,Dr.McHenry.

McHENRY: No. This case was one in a thousand- a rarity— a freak. It must not be inferred that similar operations can restore the memory and sanity of dissimilar victims.

CASEY: This man is completely cured,Doctor?

McHENRY: A hundred per cent,Mr.Casey. He'll be here in a minute... you can judge for yourself.

ANN: What has he told you about himself— before he was hurt twelve years ago?

McHENRY: He was born in Norway...his name is Carl Gustaffson... he was first a carpenter,then a sailor— an able-bodied seaman. His ship was in port when he was— hurt.

CASEY: Does he know how his head got cracked up?

McHENRY: He says he was the victim of an attempted murder.

CASEY: Yeah? Does he know who tried to do the job?

McHENRY: Yes.

ANN: You've notified the police, I suppose.

McHENRY: He wont tell us- or the police -the names of the people who attacked him or anything about them.

CASEY: (UNDER HIS BREATH) So that's Burke's mystery.

McHENRY: I'm sorry to say that he's obsessed with the idea of personal revenge.

ANN: He's going to try to find the people who attempted to kill him when he leaves here?

McHENRY: That's his idea, Miss Williams...and it worries me a great deal. You see, I like "John Doe"...and you'll like him, too, I think. There's no reason for us to keep him here more than a few weeks longer...and, when he's discharged, he's going on a manhunt that may send him to prison or the electric chair.

CASEY: He may find it pretty hard to locate the people who laid him out twelve years ago.

McHENRY: I'm hoping that you and Miss Williams may make it impossible for him to do so.

ANN: What do you mean?

McHENRY: My reason for consenting to this interview, Miss Williams, was that pictures of "John Doe" in your paper- and the story you'll write about him -will warn the people he's ~~kmakimx~~ hates so much to keep out of his way. I certainly have no sympathy for them, but "John Doe"- or, rather, Carl Gustaffson -will only get himself in trouble if he finds them...and he's had enough trouble.

CASEY: I guess you're right...but,if I was in his shoes,I think I'd feel the same as he does.

ANN: Me,too...twelve years out of his life—

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR.....DOOR OPENED AT *

McHENRY: Come in. (*)

NURSE: Gustaffson is here,Dr.McHenry. (HALF OFF)

McHENRY: Send him in,Nurse.

NURSE: (FADING) Yes,sir.

CARL: (HE MUST BE VISUALIZED AS A HUGE,SLOW MOVING NORWEGIAN... (UNEDUCATED BUT INTELLIGENT;NORMALLY GOOD NATURED & MOST (LIKABLE)

(HALF OFF AFTER PAUSE) Gude morning,Doctor.

McHENRY: Come in,Carl. This is Miss Williams and Mr.Casey— from the newspaper...I told you they were coming. This is Carl Gustaffson.

ANN: Mr.Gustaffson.

CARL: (FADING ON) How do you do,Miss Villiams.

CASEY: Glad to know you,Carl.

CARL: (GENIALLY) I know anudder faller name of Casey once... he ship wit me on English tanker.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) We Caseys get around. I know a Gustaffson in the newspaper racket.

CARL: Jah?

CASEY: (ADMIRINGLY) He didn't grow as much as you did,though.

CARL: (LAUGHS) I'm purty big faller,jah?

CASEY: I'd hate to have a guy of your size sore at me.

CARL: (CHUCKLES) I dont get sore at no one ever— (SUDDENLY MOROSE & DEADLY SERIOUS) —unless I got gude reason.

CASEY: I believe that. (SLIGHT PAUSE...TAKING HALF FADE) Carl, I want to shoot some pictures of you...the first,standing just as you are— beside Dr.McHenry.

CARL: Okay.

CASEY: Hold it.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: (FADING ON) Thanks to both of you. Sit down now and let Miss Williams do her stuff...I'll shoot others from time to time— just dont bother about me.

CARL: Okay.

ANN: Mr.Gustaffson,there's a million questions I want to ask you ...you've had a terrible experience,but an extraordinary one— ~~Kirkstrom~~ First:—

CARL: (QUIETLY COURTEOUS,BUT DEFINITE) First,Miss Villiams,I vant to tall you what happen to me twalve years ago.

ANN: I— I'd like to hear about that first.

CASEY: So would I?

CARL: (HALF TO HIMSELF) I ban thinking. You are going to put all I tall you in de papers—

ANN: Yes.

CARL: Maybe dot vill be guds...maybe they will see— it vill make them afraid— as I vant them to be afraid. (STILL QUIET, BUT WITH GATHERING TENSION) I vill tall you what happen, so they will read— and remember...and be afraid. Maybe it vill help me to find them. And then— I kill dem wit' these hands. I kill dem wit' these two bare hands.

CASEY: (QUIETLY) Take it easy,Carl. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Who do you want to kill?

CARL: I vill tall no names,Mr.Casey...dot might save dem— de police might get dem before me. I only tall you what happen and how it happen...they will know. Write this down, Miss Villiams...(FADING)...write down as I tall you—

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS...HOLD UNDER:

CASEY: While Williams is typing the story she got from Gustaffson,Burke,I'll give it to you in the old nut-shell.

BURKE: Shoot,Casey.

CASEY: It's the oldest yarn in the world:— this big Norwegian met a pretty young blonde,she promised to marry him... and then he introduced her to a pal. Pretty soon he got the idea that his friend and the gal were double-timing him. He accused em of it,they denied it and he believed em. Then the three of em celebrated the reconciliation by going on a party...and you know what sailor's parties usually are.

BURKE: Was the other guy a sailor?

CASEY: Gustaffson wouldn't say...he was awfully careful not to give us any hints that might identify these people. But I have a notion his two-timing friend had a shore job here in this town and that he made his play for the gal while Gustaffson was at sea.

BURKE: What happened after they went on the party?

CASEY: Gustaffson got woozy after a few drinks...and if I'm any judge of elbow benders,the guy— normally —should be able to hold a boat-load. His friend and the gal said they'd help him walk it off and— when they got him to a nice dark spot —they slugged him hard enough to last twelve years;and they'd really meant to kill him. They'd doped his liquor,of course,or they'd never have gotten away with it...

BURKE: I dont quite get it— This big guy had been suspicious that his friend and the gal had been double-crossing him, but you say they'd convinced him he was wrong.

CASEY: They probably had a smart idea that he wouldn't stay convinced and they were taking no chances...besides,Gustaffson had been saving his dough to get married on— he had over a thousand bucks in a money-beltarpund his waist and the gal knew it.

BURKE: They took his dough?

CASEY: He remembers the gal tearing it off as the boy-friend worked on his head with a lead pipe.

BURKE: Nice people.

CASEY: Yeah.

BURKE: It'd make a swell yarn for the paper if they could be located after all these years and brought to trial.

CASEY: (SLYLY) I was thinking of that when I told Gustaffson you'd have a job for him when he's released from the asylum.

BURKE: You told him I'd have a job for him???

CASEY: He was a carpenter before he went to sea— our building superintendant can always use another handy-man...and I just might get well enough acquainted with Gustaffson to learn a few more things about the couple who tried to kill him.

BURKE: Hmm...there's only a chance in a million of anyone finding em now.

CASEY: I'm not so sure about that. Chances are they've never left this town...with Gustaffson in the Insane Asylum and unable to remember anything,they had no reason to run away. Shall I telephone the hospital and say you've gotten him a job here,Burke? They'll let him out quick if he's got work to go to.

BURKE: (PAUSE) You're sure this guy is altpgether sane now?— I dont want any loonies around this joint.

CASEY: He's as sane as I am.

BURKE: That's no recommendation. But you can telephone him... I'll fix it with the building superintendant.

CASEY: Thanks,Burke.

BURKE: (KEENLY) You're not having me take care of that guy just on the chance of getting a story for the paper.

CASEY: (PAUSE) No,I'm not. He struck me as an awfully swell egg,Burke...I'd like to see him stay out of trouble.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS,PIANO BEHIND...HOLD UNDER

CASEY: Hi,Ethelbert— we've just got time for a quick one!

ETH: (FADING ON) Hello,Casey...hello,Miss Williams.

ANN: Good evening,Ethelbert.

ETH: The usual,I suppose.

CASEY: That's right.

ANN: And make it fast...we've got to get back to the office.

ETH: Here's your poison. Say,Casey— I read in your paper this morning that that "John Doe" feller had gone to work for you.

CASEY: Uh huh...he started on the job yesterday morning and the building super says he did the work of three ordinary guys.

ETH: I'd like to get a look at that big feller some time... them articles you wrote about him while he was still in the Asylum were very interestin',Miss Williams.

ANN: Thanks,Ethelbert.

CASEY: I'll bring him over here one of these days.

ETH: The doctors are sure he aint crazy any more,Casey?

CASEY: (IRRITABLY) Of course they are!— and I'm getting tired answering that question.

ETH: Well,you know some screwballs have been let outa asylums as cured— and then they continued to be screwballs.

CASEY: Sure— and a lot of screwballs have never been inside of asylums!

ETH: (INNOCENTLY) Dont look at me like that.

MAN: (HALF OFF) Telephone,Mr.Casey...Mr.Burke calling.

CASEY: Thanks. I cant even have a quiet drink without that guy butting in.

ANN: You'd better answer it quick or he'll be over here.

CASEY: Okay.

ETH: (FADING) Y'know,it's a funny thing about screwballs,Miss Williams...as my sister,Edna says— quote.....

SOUND: TELEPHONE BOOTH DOOR CLOSED

CASEY: Hello,Burke.

BURKE: (ON FILTER...ANGRILY) What kind of a paper do you think I'm running,Casey?? Almost every time I want you,I have to have you paged in that Blue Note Bar!

CASEY: Well,isn't it nice that you know where to find me?

BURKE: Someday I'm going to—!!

CASEY: Okay,you've fired me before. What do you want,Burke?

BURKE: I—!! Is Williams with you??

CASEY: Yes.

BURKE: I want both of you to cover a shooting.

CASEY: Shooting?

BURKE: And a knifing.

CASEY: There's been a pleasant party somewhere.

BURKE: I haven't any details yet— tell Williams to get em. Lieutenant Logan's on his way to the place,so you shouldn't have any trouble getting the low-down. (FADING) Take this address and get to it— <u>fast</u>!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CAR BRAKED TO A SHARP HALT...CAR DOOR OPENED

CASEY: Hello, Sergeant.

COP: (HALF OFF...FADING ON) Oh— it's you, Casey! Hello, Miss Williams.

ANN: We hear there's been a little trouble here.

COP: One guy shot through the heart and another with a knife in his back.

CASEY: (QUICKLY APPRAISING) Nice looking joint for a shindig like that to happen in.

ANN: Are both men dead?

COP: Only one. The fella who got stabbed aint hurt bad... the Doc's patchin' him up now and the ambulance'll be here soon to take him to the hospital.

CASEY: Let's go in, Ann. Oh— Logan here yet?

COP: He's inside...only beat you by a couple minutes.

CASEY: We'll be seeing you, Sarge.

COP: (FADING) Okay, Casey.

SOUND: DOOR SOFTLY OPENED & CLOSED

LOGAN: (OFF...FADING HALF ON) Now try to be calm, Mrs. Schwartz, and tell me exactly what happened.

ANN: (LOW, TENSE) Casey—!

CASEY: (LOW, TENSE) Quiet, Ann...we'll stay here in the hall for a moment.

LOGAN: (HALF OFF) Please, Mrs. Schwartz.

JENNIE: (ABOUT 30; RATHER COARSE, BUT SHE CAN LATER BE SEDUCTIVE... (NOW, SHE IS NERVOUS AND AGITATED. HALF OFF, SLOWLY FADING (ON:

The- the doorbell rang, Lieutenant Logan, and I went to answer it— this is our maid's night off...when I opened the door, that man— that man who's lying dead on the floor now— he rushed in. I- I'd never seen him before, Lieutenant. He pushed me against the wall and—

SCHWARTZ: (35;SLIGHT TEUTONIC ACCENT...WEAKLY:) Then he came into this room where,I was,Lieutenant—

DOCTOR: You'd better let your wife tell the story until I get this bandage on your shoulder,Mr.Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ: (SUBSIDING) Alright,Doctor.

LOGAN: Go on,Mrs.Schwartz.

JENNIE: I saw the man draw a knife from his pocket and I screamed to warn my husband—

SCHWARTZ: I had never see this man before,but I realized he was a lunatic,Lieutenant—

DOCTOR: Quiet,Mr.Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ: Jah...I'm sorry,Doctor.

JENNIE: He <u>was</u> a lunatic! He lunged at my husband with a knife—

SCHWARTZ: But I got away from him that time...I got to that desk where I keep a gun!

JENNIE: Then he stabbed at my husband again and his knife went through his back—!

SCHWARTZ: I had mine gun then and I shot him!— I shot him,Lieutenant,to save mine life!

JENNIE: And mine! He would have killed us both!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

JENNIE: (STARTLED) What was that??

CASEY: (HALF OFF...DRYLY) Just a flash-bulb.

LOGAN: Casey—! When did you get in here??

CASEY: (FADING ON) Just as Mr.and Mrs.Schwartz were beginning their interesting story,Logan...Miss Williams and I waited in the hall until they finished.

LOGAN: (ANGRILY) How many times must I tell you you cant come to the scene of a crime and take pictures until I give you the go-ahead?? Give me that plate you just shot!

CASEY: No. (GRIMLY) I've got a personal interest in this crime, Logan.

LOGAN: What do you mean?

CASEY: That dead guy on the floor was a friend of mine...the "lunatic" these people killed was Carl Gustaffson.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CITY ROOM EFFECTS...HOLD UNDER

BURKE: So you dont think the Schwartzes told a straight story, Casey?

CASEY: (BITTERLY) Their story was absolutely crooked, Burke... they didn't kill Gustaffson in "self-defense"!— they got him to their home and murdered him.

ANN: Casey believes the Schwartzes are the double-crossing pair who tried to kill Gustaffson twelve years ago.

BURKE: What do you base that idea on?

CASEY: Plenty of things! One:— when Ann and I talked to Gustaffson at the Asylum, he told us his two-timing gal friend in the year of 1932 was a blonde pretty of about 18... Mrs. Schwartz, now, is a blonde good-looking of about 30. And her husband's age tallies with what Gustaffson said about him.

BURKE: That doesn't prove anything.

CASEY: Wait a minute! I've been doing some checking-up...the Schwartzes were married 12 years ago— only a short time after Gustaffson was found with his head bashed in. And soon afterwards, Schwartz, who'd been working in a water-fron speak-easy, went into business for himself...maybe that dough in big Carl's money-belyt helped him to do it.

BURKE: And maybe it didn't! These things could be simple co-incidences, Casey. But, assuming the Schwartzes are the people who slugged and robbed Gustaffson— why should they

BURKE: (cont'd) "get" him to their home, as you say? They'd have tried to keep him away from them! And they might have done it for a long time— there are hundreds of Schwartzes in this town, if he was looking for anyone of that name.

CASEY: That stuff we ran in the paper made them afraid, Burke— as Gustaffson thought it would. They figured he might find them at any time...they couldn't take a chance. So they beat him to the punch...they got him out there some way- how I dont know! -and shot him as soon as he stepped inside that room. Gustaffson had refused to tell anyone the names of the people who slugged and robbed him— or anything about them. With him dead, they'd be safe...for he could be the only witness against them. And they had their story all prepared:- big Carl had just got out of an asylum...it's a common belief that crazy people are never really returned to sanity, and they took advantage of that belief.

BURKE: What does Logan say about it?

CASEY: (DISGUSTEDLY) He's fallen for their story— hook, line and sinker...he believes crazy guys are always crazy. He believes big Carl would have gone to the home of perfect strangers, brandished a knife and then let a shrimp like Schwartz get out of his hands and get hold of a gun to shoot him with!

ANN: When Gustaffson spoke of killing the people he had a right to hate so much, Burke— he said he'd do it with his "bare hands". I- I didn't write that in my story, Casey.

BURKE: But he had a knife!— and he stuck it in Schwartz's back.

CASEY: Yeah...where it wouldn't give Schwartz more than a flesh wound.

BURKE: The guy couldn't stick a knife in his own back very well!

CASEY: You sound just like Logan.

ANN: The Medical Examiner said it couldn't have been a self-inflicted wound,Casey.

CASEY: (IMPATIENTLY) Mrs.Schwartz could have done it,couldn't she??— as part of the stage setting!

BURKE: You've got some nice theories,Casey— they'd make good stuff for the paper...if you could only prove em.

ANN: You cant prove em,Casey...the only man who could tell a jury what happened 12 years ago— and tonight -is dead.

CASEY: (SOFTLY,THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah...and he was a nice guy. (PAUSE) I wonder—

BURKE: What?

CASEY: (HALF TO HIMSELF) Double-crossers never change...if Mrs. Schwartz is the dame who crossed big Carl 12 years ago—

ANN: What's in your mind?

CASEY: (SLOWLY) An idea,Ann. I'm going to call on that blonde good-looking tomorrow...and get acquainted.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOORBELL OFF...PAUSE,THEN DOOR OPENED

CASEY:

CASEY: (PLEASANTLY) Hello,Mrs.Schwartz.

JENNIE: (NOT PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Mr,Casey—!

CASEY: I thought maybe you'd let me take a few more pictures of you this afternoon...those I got last night didn't really do you justice.

JENNIE: (COLDLY) When you were here last night,you seemed more concerned with about the crazy man my husband had to shoot than anything else.

CASEY: (CARELESSLY) I knew the poor nut— naturally,I was a little upset when I saw him spread all over your living room floor. (MORE INTIMATELY) But when I thought the

CASEY: (cont'd) matter over, I forgot about him and remembered I'd missed a bet in not getting more pictures of a swell looking woman.

JENNIE: (SOFTENING—NOT TOO MUCH!) That sounds like blarney...and the name is Casey.

CASEY: (LAUGHS) Can I come in?

JENNIE: (UNCOMFORTABLY) Why— There's a friend here with me— (QUICKLY) —a business associate of my husband's. But— sure...come in.

CASEY: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED

HAROLD: (30;GIGOLO TYPE...OFF) Who was at the door, Jennie?

JENNIE: Uh— Come here, Mr.Roberts...I want you to meet someone!

HAROLD: Huh? (CLOSER) Oh—!

JENNIE: (RATTLED) This is Mr.Casey...he's a photographer on— one of the newspapers. Mr.Roberts here works for my husband.

CASEY: Glad to know you, Mr.Roberts.

HAROLD: (FADING ON)..UNCOMFORTABLY) Same here, Mr.Casey.

JENNIE: (APOLOGETICALLY) Since Mr.Schwartz is in the hospital on account of that stabbing, Harold— uh —Mr.Roberts came here to ask me about some business matters.

HAROLD: Yeah.

JENNIE: We've got em all settled now— Mr.Roberts.

HAROLD: That's right...I'll be running along. Give Mr.Schwartz my best when you visit him at the hospital tonight, Jen— Mrs. Schwartz. (FADING) Pleased to've met you, Mr.- uh—

CASEY: Same here...so long.

HAROLD: Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR OPENED & CLOSED

JENNIE: (COVERING UP) Mr.Roberts is a great friend of my husband's, Mr.Casey— outside of them being in business together.

CASEY: Is that so? He's a swell looking guy.

JENNIE: Mr.Roberts? I never noticed.

CASEY: A photographer's got to notice those things...it's part of his racket. Of course,I get more kick out of noticing a swell looking woman.

JENNIE: (GIVING HIM THE GREEN LIGHT) More blarney,eh?

CASEY: What do you think?

JENNIE: You aint such a bad looking hunk of human yourself. (PAUSE) Mmmmm Sit down...and have a drink.

CASEY: (PAUSE)..DRYLY) No,thanks,Babe...I'll just shoot a few pictures of you and get out of here.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CASEY: I was in luck,Logan...I got her number almost as soon as I got into the house— once a double-crosser,always a double-crosser.

LOGAN: (IMPATIENTLY) Listen,Casey— because the Schwartz dame had a good looking guy in her house when you got there and then made-with-the-eyes at you doesn't prove she had anything to do with Gustaffson's slugging 12 years ago or that her husband didn't kill a lunatic he'd never seen before in self-defense!

CASEY: No,but it gives me something to work on. Schwartz cant be so dumb that he doesn't realize what kind of a dame he's tied up with...and you've got to give me a chance to get to him in that hospital.

LOGAN: What do you want to do there?

CASEY: Never mind what I want to do...here's what I want you to do:— instruct the doctors and nurses up there to visit Schwartz every fifteen minutes,from now on,to look at that wound of his...and dont let any of them answer any questions he asks about it.

LOGAN: Why—?

CASEY: What time does Mrs.Schwartz visit him there?

LOGAN: At 7 in the evening.

CASEY: Okay...I'll visit him an hour before she does,and no one else is to see him between 6 and 7. When she goes in to see him,I want you and a couple of other cops around.

LOGAN: What are you cooking up?

CASEY: The dirtiest kind of a dirty trick,Logan...the same kind of trick that put Carl Gusteffson in an insane asylum for 12 years and the kind of trick that arranged for his murder in cold blood. A dirty trick on dirty rats...and I'm not going to be ashamed of it.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: DOOR SOFTLY OPENED & CLOSED

CASEY: (HIS MANNER IS SYMPATHETIC— AND FUNEREAL) Good evening, Mr.Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ: (SURPRISED) Mr.Casey—?

CASEY: I've come in to take some pictures of you,if you dont mind.

SCHWARTZ: (HE IS QUITE NERVOUS...PUZZLED NOW) You got pictures of me that night I— I had to shoot dot lunatic...before I was brought to this hospital.

CASEY: My paper would like to have some more since— uh— (EMBARASSED) --there's to be a new development in the case.

SCHWARTZ: New development? The police realize I shot that— crazy man in self defense!— they cant accuse me of anything more.

CASEY: (HASTILY) There's no grounds for accusing you of anything more,Mr.Schwartz!

SCHWARTZ: Then what do you mean by— "new development"?

CASEY: (SYMPATHETICALLY) The doctors haven't said anything to you,huh?

SCHWARTZ: The doctors? No.

CASEY: MK(PAUSE) Oh.

SCHWARTZ: (WORRIED) They have been in and out of here all night and all day,the doctors and the nurses— I never before see them so often...but none of them have say anything.

CASEY: (PAUSE) I see.

SCHWARTZ: Mr.Casey— do you know why they haf been here so many times..,looking at my wound where dot man stabbed me? (PAUSE) Do you know?

CASEY: Me? No,no,no,no— I haven't any idea. (PITYINGLY) Lie back on your pillow,Mr.Schwartz,and dont tax your strength ...lie back and look as if-you—

SCHWARTZ: Look as if I— what??

CASEY: Nothing! Nothing!! Just lie back and close your eyes.

SCHWARTZ: (VERY FEARFUL) You mean— look as if I was dying!

CASEY: Oh,no— I didn't mean that!

SCHWARTZ: That's what you did mean! That's what you meant by "new development"! But that is crazy!— I'm not going to die... I haf only a little knife cut in mine back— a little cut that aint serious! (PAUSE) Is it serious,Mr.Casey? (PAUSE) Why dont you answer me?? Why do you just stand und look as if you wasn't going to see me pretty soon???? (GROWING FRANTIC) Why have/~~them~~ those doctors,~~them~~ those nurses,come in all night und day und say nothing?? Mr.Casey,you gotta tell me...you gotta tell me!!!! (A SOB) Mr.Casey—

CASEY: (PAUSE) I think someone ought to tell you,Mr.Schwartz... a guy should at least have a chance to change his will if he wants to before he—

SCHWARTZ: (TREMBLING) Before he—?

CASEY: I haven't any business to tell you this,but— Well,the knife that lunatic stabbed you with—

SCHWARTZ: (PAUSE)..SLOWLY) The knife—?

CASEY: (SOFTLY) Yeah...the knife.

SCHWARTZ: (MURMURS) It was poisoned...poisoned.

CASEY: LUGUBRIOUSLY) That's a good pose,Mr.Schwartz——

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK.

CASEY: Thanks.

SCHWARTZ: (HIS VOICE RISING WILDLY) Get out of here and let me think! Get out of here!! Get out of here and let me think!!!!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

NURSE: (QUIETLY) Your wife is here,Mr.Schwartz.

JENNIE: (BUOYANTLY...FADING IN) Hello,darling...how are you this evening?

SCHWARTZ: (VERY TENSE) I am fine,Jennie. Go away,Nurse...and close dot door.

SOUND: DOOR SOFTLY CLOSED

JENNIE: (LAUGHS) You want us to be nice and private,honey?

SCHWARTZ: Jah...nice und private— (SNARLS) —double-crosser!

JENNIE: (ANGRILY) Who you talkin' to??

SCHWARTZ: You,Jennie!

JENNIE: What's the matter with you?? Why're you getting outa that bed??

SCHWARTZ: So I can pay you for that poisoned knife you stuck into my back!

JENNIE: (FEARFULLY) You're crazy! Keep away from me!!

SCHWARTZ: You've double-crossed me as you double-crossed Gustaffson years ago...I was always afraid you would! It was you who made me try to kill him then...it was you who planned the way to kill him when he came out of the asylum! And you planned to kill me at the same time— with that knife I let you stick into my back to fool the cops!

JENNIE: Dont touch me!!— DONT!!

SCHWARTZ: (HIS VOICE RISING IN WILD FURY) You wanted me to die so you could get my money and give it to that fellow, Roberts— as once you took Gustaffson's money and gave it to me! But you do no more double-crossing...before the poison you put on that knife can kill me,these hands will kill you!!!

JENNIE: (STRUGGLING,CHOKING) Let me go!! Help! Help!! Help!!!

SOUND: DOOR THROWN OPEN

LOGAN: (EFFORT) Let her go,Schwartz!— let her go!! We want to save your wife for the chair...and you,too!

SCHWARTZ: (GASPS) Lieutenant Logan—?

JENNIE: You heard—!

CASEY: Logan and his cops got a complete earful,Mrs.Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ: Casey—?

CASEY: Now,if you'll all— hold it.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thank you.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BAR-ROOM EFFECTS,PIANO BEHIND...HOLD UNDER

ETH: I'll bet that Schwartz guy was certainly chag-rined when he found out that knife wasn't poisoned,Casey.

CASEY: He was a little put out about it,Ethelbert.

ANN: So was Mrs.Schwartz...mostly because she hadn't thought of poisoning it.

ETH: Say,Casey— how did the Schwartzes get Gustaffson to come to their house that night?

CASEY: Simple,Ethelbert:— they read in the Express that big Carl had gone to work in the Express Building...Mrs. Schwartz called him on the phone there— without saying

CASEY: (cont'd) who she was,of course -and gave him a tip that the people he wanted to see so badly could be found at a certain address at a certain time. Carl was a simple guy;he fell for the dodge and,when he got there,the Schwartzes were ready for him.

ETH: There oughta be a law against people like them bein' born.

CASEY: Yesh. Let's have another drink and try to forget em.

ETH: And the sooner the quicker. As my sister,Edna,says— quote: "The only thing rotten eggs are good for is to make a skunk jealous...and who wants to play on the emotions of a skunk?" Unquote and here's your drinks.

CASEY: How,Ethelbert...how,Ann.

ANN: How,Casey...how,Ethelbert.

ETH: How,Ethelbert— I mean...HOW.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

- THE END -

by: Alonzo Deen Cole